The Essential Mysticism

BY

STANWOOD COBB

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THE ESSENTIAL MYSTICISM

By STANWOOD COBB

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THE REAL TURK

THE ESSENTIAL MYSTICISM

By

STANWOOD COBB

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To the Teachers of the past: who lived that we might die, and who died that we might live.

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PREFACE

THE chief purpose of "The Essential Mysticism" is to make clear to the lay mind some of the spiritual problems of humanity—to interpret to Americans the real value of that Oriental mysticism which has been so much despised—to set forth the mystery of the soul of man in terms not of psychology but of the daily life.

There are many books on religion and mysticism. Their names are legion. And yet I wonder if there is one of them which in completely simple, modern terms makes clear the value and importance of spirituality in the daily life of man?

For it seems so plain, so self evident a fact, that spirituality works, that it is not a thing apart from life but life itself and the only clue to this existence;—that could this idea be conveyed to the American business man, so searching for efficiency in life, he would never rest until he had acquired spirituality.

It were too bold, too ambitious an aim, to expect to accomplish so much of good in this modest volume. But may the writer dare to hope that it will set on fire in the minds of some of its readers a few trails of spiritual gunpowder, which may, ultimately, cause explosions within the domain of their inner self resulting in a larger, freer, more far-seeing life?

To the writer, the spiritual life seems the only sane, reasonable development of man, the only life which expresses man's whole nature. That it may seem so to some who have never seen it so before, is the greatest wish and errand of this book.

S. C.

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THE ESSENTIAL MYSTICISM

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY

WHITMAN in his wonderful "Passage to India" proved himself indeed a seer. With his broad vision of things he saw that the Suez canal meant not only the commercial union of the East and West but an interchange of thought, customs, and civilization.

Time was when East and West were not so far apart. Caravans from India brought the Oriental products overland to Constantinople and Alexandria, where they were shipped to Genoa, Florence, or Venice, and distributed over Europe.

The Florentine painters of the Quatro Cento owe much of the brilliant pageantry of their paintings to this oriental splendor which passed by their doors.

But when the Turks possessed themselves of Asia Minor and later of Constantinople, the overland trade routes to India were broken and a toilsome dangerous sea-voyage

of many months became necessary. It was to shorten this sea-route that Columbus sailed out upon that great quest which was destined to add to the world a new continent and to bring into being a new race,—a race of pioneers composed of the most fearless, the most venturesome of all nations. Thus to the Turks do we owe our national existence.

During four centuries merchants plied their weary way by sea to India, braving the Cape of Good Hope which in travesty to its very name proved ruin of many enterprises and the loss of countless lives. Then came that cutting of the desert, that subduing of the earth to the will of man which shortened by some seven thousand miles the route to India. It was to be, so Whitman saw, a wonderful link in the chain of world unity.

Trade with the East made great an Empire which in its tiny isle would have languished feebly but for that. But England could not long monopolize the world's trade. Commerce was not destined to seek only the rising sun.

To America has been given the destiny of completing the circle, not by sailing eastward but by sailing westward. The dream of Columbus was at last fulfilled. Take it as a mighty symbol, if you will,—that the farthest west becomes east. The wonder of the Suez canal pales into insignificance before the possibilities of Panama. Here is the final link, the final cutting which encircles the earth with a ribbon of water as a girdle of its maturity.

For consider, was this planet worthy to be called mature while half of it was yet unknown? Or while the East stayed East and West stayed West? Only when the two commingle—when East meets West—can its civilization be said to approach perfection.

Since fifty years or more the East and West have been flowing together marvelously. Were Americans to realize how deeply their thought life has become permeated with Eastern wisdom they would, if of the unco pius type described by Vedder*, become

*"The blood of the unco pius it would surely freeze,
To know that God in China speaks Chinese."

horrified; but if they were of those who dream of universal brotherhood they would rejoice at this tremendous progress toward an understanding of the East.

Emerson was one of the first in this country to delve in Oriental literature. The sacred books of India and Persia became for him a mine of thought. Indeed, he may be fairly said to owe most of his philosophy to the East. In his beautiful and mystic writings he translated for the American mind the wisdom that had reposed for ages in the East.

The effect of Emerson on American thought has been momentous. Not that his devotees are conspicuous for their numbers; but they are leaders in initiating and moulding public opinion. His influence, spreading to Europe, inspired a Maeterlinck, while in this country scores follow in his trail.

The next definite movement for the introduction of Oriental thought was Theosophy. Brought over into this country in 1873 by Madame Blavatsky, it had a rapid growth, until the American Branch became as im-

portant as that in England, the land of its birth.

Theosophy, like Emersonianism, has had an influence enormously disproportionate to its mere numbers. The actual membership of the society has always been small and of an abnormal character, unfortunately such as to bring the movement into poor repute; but its ideas have permeated every department of our modern thought. Owing to its opportune extension of the doctrine of evolution—which in itself had proved the greatest stretcher of men's thoughts since the world began—Theosophy has tinged the minds of many thinkers with its teachings. From the pulpit, the lecture-platform, from books and from the editorial pages of our great dailies, it has and still is sending forth its message of the cosmic law. And Theosophy, as all must know, is but a rehabiliment of Hindu thought.

Theosophy has been followed by several lesser movements of a similar kind,—the Vedanta Society, the Mazdasnians, and the private cults of Hindu "swamis" and "gurus" who have never failed to find some entour-

age in this country. Many of these teachers are influenced by unworthy motives, commercially exchanging as it were their wares of ancient wisdom for food and shelter and fawning adulation of wealthy American women. Yet among them have been humble men, true teachers; men who gave more than they received and asked for nothing except the opportunity to give. It is the fakirs that have brought disrepute upon the whole tribe of Oriental missionaries. But there is as much difference here as between those of our missionaries who go to India because it is the easiest way in which an inefficient man can make a living, and those earnest Christians who go there because they yearn to give their all for truth.

The greatest movement of Oriental mysticism in this country, however, few suspect. Christian Science is metaphysically almost an exact replica of the Vedanta idealism as taught by Çankara in India in the ninth century. One can trace the resemblance point by point. That this has not been previously recognized may be due to the fact that no real student of Christian Science has studied

the Vedanta; while our scholars of comparative religion who know of the Vedanta teaching have not cared to spend much time on Mrs. Eddy's teaching. Nothing is more logical, more impregnable, than the essential points of Christian Science. Because its teachings are clothed in emotional and mystial language, scholars have failed to grasp it just as they have failed to grasp the meaning of Hindu mysticism or of Laotze; for the American scholar, too generally materialistic in his trend of thought, passes over pearls of wisdom with the insouciance which Christ attributed to certain domestic animals.

The contention of Christian Science is as follows:—that matter does not exist; that the cause of matter's seeming to exist is "mortal mind"; that mortal mind in itself has no reality and disappears before the light of truth.

Let us look at Çankara. He too declares that matter does not exist; that the cause of matter's seeming to exist is Avidya or Ignorance; that this Avidya has no real existence

but disappears before the light of knowledge, which is Vidya.

Many have made fun of Christian Science, thinking they punctured its logic when they asked what "mortal mind" was. Had they lived nine hundred years ago, they would have found a worthy polemist. Çankara, on being asked what Avidya was, replied: "He who would seek to know what Avidya is, is like one who, in order to know what darkness is, should light a torch. For when one lights a torch, darkness disappears. So when one acquires Vidya, Avidya disappears."

Substitute for "Mortal Mind" Avidya, and for "Truth" Vidya and you have converted Christian Science into Vedanta—the purest and most incontrovertible form of idealism ever invented by the mind of man.

A Vedanta teacher was once instructing his pupils in the midst of a jungle. There suddenly crashed through the bushes a mad elephant—the most dangerous of tropic beasts. The pupils, disregarding their philosophy, took to the trees. When the animal had passed, they found their guru

descending unabashed from a stout upas tree.

"Why," asked one heretical youth, "did you climb a tree, if according to your teaching matter has no existence?"

To this smart inquirer, worthy to adorn the impudent ranks of American youths, he answered calmly:

"There was no elephant. There was no tree. I did not climb up a tree."

Such extreme form of idealism, whether phrased by an Oriental, or by a Christian Scientist, may appear nonsense. But the marvelous thing about Christian Science is that it is demonstrating, palpably and to the American sense, the existence of something other than matter. The typical American has two very good eyes, a physically analytical mind, and a total ineptness for real thought. Hence he could never arrive, of himself and unaided, at the conclusion that anything but matter exists. But when his wife or favorite daughter, discarded by all the learned physicians, is healed by Christian Science, a little light permeates his brain. He does not know much about Christian Science, but he does know that she

who was condemned to die by consultation of the greatest specialists is alive again. He begins to attend a Christian Science church. And being a true Amerian, ardent and child-hearted, he goes the whole length. He has become an idealist without knowing or understanding what he believes.

View it unprejudicially! It is one of the most marvelous spiritual movements at present working in America. Its truths are stated in childlike terms, perhaps, but it has truths.

From Christian Science branched out in 1891 the New Thought movement, which, more indefinite than Christian Science, has a correspondingly larger following. New Thought, in some phase or other, is familiar to every person who reads or thinks. To it is largely due that doctrine of conscious optimism and good cheer which is so popular at present. That one can thus regulate one's thoughts and feelings is to Americans a stupendous discovery. The Oriental has known it for ages. It is needless to say that New Thought is very old thought invading a new and youthful race.

The latest expression of Eastern spiritual thinking to reach these shores is the Bahai movement—a universal religion named after Baha Ullah, its founder. Three years ago Abdul Baha, the son of the founder, and the present leader of the movement, visited this country and spoke from many pulpits and lecture platforms. The Bahai teaching is eminently sane, reasonable, and progressive. Its influence is plainly to develop a sort of practical everyday mysticism in its Western followers, and a wide-awake modern efficiency in its Eastern followers. From this, and from its definite teaching of world brotherhood, it is one of the greatest and most important movements for uniting the East and West. A most remarkable occasion was that witnessed by the writer, when Abdul Baha clad in his turban and his Oriental garments, conducted the Sunday service from a Christian pulpit—prayer, sermon and all.

An event very significant of the rapidly growing Orientalism in the West was the conferring of the Nobel prize on Rabindranath Tagore, with the subsequent popularity

of his work in Europe and America. He is a pure mystic, singing the songs of Oriental mysticism; yet his poems, published by a leading house, have in two years reached twelve editions, and his writings are eagerly looked forward to from year to year by a large reading public. This is an astounding fact. The West is growing tolerant!

The East does not need a growth in religious tolerance, for it has always been more tolerant than the West. It does not claim uniqueness for its religions, nor for its founders of religion.

But the East does need, and sorely need, a greater material efficiency. Far ahead in spiritual wisdom, it is far behind in the outer aspects of civilization. It has a wonderful thought life but a poverty-stricken physical life. It has neglected the body and the things of the body. It has neglected most lamentably the education of the masses. So that the Western invasion of the East takes the form of schools, hospitals, railroads, bridges, science, industry, and all those inventions which make for sane and comfortable living.

The ascetic East is seeking after physical luxuries, while the materialistic West is growing more wise in spiritual ways. Here is a fair exchange—a barter which is of great profit to both sides.

It is needless to point out the many ways in which the East is turning to the West for help. Japan, forced into the current of modern progress against its will, has made its way to the fore front. China, with its four hundred million souls, is yearning for the new civilization, and is turning to America for ideas and for men to carry them out. Turkey, forced into a great world war by parliamentary tricks, is managed by Germany—a sort of partnership in which the "terrible Turk" becomes more terrible under modern methods of efficiency. India, scratched on the surface by the English plough, is already yielding crops of Occidentalism. Fifty years ago Asia wanted nothing of the West, which she scorned and despised. Today, like a woman in despair, she is on her knees before her hitherto rejected wooer. The time has come for union.

Each hemisphere has its final part to play

in the great world civilization which is at hand. The Orient is the germinating place for the soul. It is there that religions are engendered. The Occident, on the contrary, is the place of expansion; it gives physical form and shape to the ideals of the East.

Nineteen hundred years ago there spread from the Orient a religion whose spiritual principles have enveloped one half the world —a religion which the West has expanded in a great civilization. But the beautiful breath of mysticism which stirred hearts of old at the name of the Christ has died out from His Church, leaving it formal and cold. Shall it be that a new breeze will blow from the Orient, arousing again the hearts of men to heroism, nursing into flower the buds of faith atrophied under a long winter? If the time has come for a great renaissance of religion, shall the presaging star not rise again upon the eastern horizon?

Whatever favors as to mystic wisdom Destiny has granted to the East, yet she has reserved for the new and virile West the privilege of applying spiritual principles to life, rendering efficient the glory of the mystic's

dream. Let no one suppose that the East is to be exalted above the West. Each has its place in the regard of Destiny; each is beloved of God; each is playing its great role in the cosmic evolution.

Might one venture here a symbol of sex? Does it not seem that the soul of the Orient is feminine, while the soul of the Occident is masculine, in its qualities? The Orient is dreamy, mystical, poetic; the West is bold, aggressive and unintuitive. The union of these two temperaments will constitute the greatest incentive and stimulus to humanity since the days of Ancient Wisdom. For from it will be born a new race—tender, imaginative, mystic,—yet efficient to the highest degree, heroic in action as in thought, bold to pentrate the secrets of Nature and to subdue her to its will. Thus will arrive a new civilization, splendid in beauty and in force, surpassing even the hopes of Utopian dreamers in the achievements of its mighty androgynous genius.

And this country—eldest child of the New World—is it to be favored by Destiny as the means and place of Union? Shall the fur-

thest West become East? For further West one cannot go without surprising the dwelling of Phoebus as he springs up from the Eastern ocean, ruddy and golden for his journey across the sky's empyrean. And so here must be the final link of the chain that is to girdle the earth.

And Destiny, wishing it so, has prepared many a soul for such an enterprise. In this country, engrossed as it is in material things, mad after wealth and uncivilized to the point of rudeness, here Destiny has nevertheless planted souls most etherial and mystical,—oriental souls, one would say to meet them. And they reside not only in the physical bodies of fair women, of writers and thinkers and dreamers; but also in those of business men and people of affairs. Were one to go through the land with seeing eyes one could trace a potential trail of fire where these sparks lie,—smouldering until they burst forth in the Great Conflagration.

CHAPTER II.

THE ESSENTIAL MYSTICISM

THERE are two reasons why one cannot see to the bottom of a well: it may be very deep, or it may be muddy. Most people, consoling themselves for a spiritual myopia, prefer to think that super-sensuous experiences are abnormal and unworthy the consideration of a healthy mind. Thus they dispose very easily of mysticism by calling it muddiness, and of spirituality by terming it neurasthenia. It is well that some are ignorant of the enormity of their ignorance.

Mysticism is defined as "obscurity of doctrine"; the mystic as "one who professes to have direct intercourse with the Divine"; and mystical as something "sacredly obscure or secret; remote from human comprehension." These three definitions by Webster are entirely satisfactory and sum up in a few words the whole matter. The mystic claims to have direct intercourse with the di-

vine. How such a thing is possible is indeed "remote from human comprehension."

And since most people find it comforting to pooh-hoo that which they cannot understand, they relegate all things mystical to the limbo of the unclear, vague, misty, distorted, and worthless,—a sort of clutter-room to which it pleases them to consign all data and experiences which would disturb the neat and ordinary routine of their daily lives.

Hence it is that mysticism is in poor repute, and mystic is a term of derogation.

Let us acknowledge that the mystic lives in a world all his own—it may not be any the less real. That his experiences are not the experiences of common men may or may not indicate that they are false.

Conceive a Fiji Islander who had been brought to New York, upon his return trying to describe his experiences. That he had ridden in horseless vehicles directed by a magic bar of iron in the driver's hand; that he had seen man-birds fly over the city; that he had heard people talk three thousand miles away; that he had seen a prize-fight on

a magic curtain a week after it had occurred; that he had seen water become hard enough to walk on,—all such reports would properly be met with a condescending incredulity. The wise-acres and sceptics of his home town, knowing that such things were impossible, would enjoy the traveller's vivid tales and honor him as the chief prevaricator of the village.

Many things become possible that have been hitherto impossible ; and to the philosopher who analyses existence the impossibility appears often to reside in the limitations of the human mind, rather than in the nature of things themselves.

Either, then, there is a whole new world into which the mystic is a pioneer; or else the mystic is a conscious or unconscious liar. That the analysis of spiritual experiences should fall to the province of the materialistic laboratory psychologist is a misfortune to the lay public; because such spiritual experiences, being foreign to the nature of the psychological dogmatist, find little chance of either a sympathetic or an accurate interpretation.

That these psychologists are endeavoring to pigeon-hole God and X-ray the Divine, does not, I imagine, greatly alter the nature of that Divine, nor alarm that Creative Power in which all things, even psychologists, subsist.

If there is any God, then the reaching out for union with Him is the only possible religion. To posit a divine being is not religion. To believe that a god once created the universe is not spirituality. If there is a Spiritual Essence back of the seen and felt and heard, then that Essence is the abiding presence in which man discovers his reality. "In Him we live and move and have our being," said one of the greatest mystics.

The true mystic, however, not content with being an unconscious unit of existence, seeks consciously a closer union with the whole—strives to mingle his soul with the All Soul, and to be penetrated daily with the very Breath of Life. He believes in taking spiritual exercise in order to make his soul grow, much as the athlete works his muscles in order to build up his body.

This exercise of the mystic differs widely

in different countries and religions, but essentially it is the same,—prayer and meditation. The East has practised these things for thousands of years. The Brahman priest, in the early days of India, held his power because he was the "prayer maker."

Prayer in our day has fallen into disrepute. It, together with epileptic fits and hysteria, is patiently analysed by the abnormal psychologist. Not that he has any prejudices against it or would condemn it, for he conceives it to be entirely harmless.

If there is no divine, nothing spiritual, nothing higher than the mind of man, then of course prayer is a psychological illusion, a subjective necessity at times, comforting in sorrow, but needless to sturdy men.

If, however, there is a super-sensuous existence, if there is anything superior to the mind of a modern psychologist, then prayer is the natural means of communion with such a world,—a sort of telepathic message which miraculously bridges the gulf between matter and Spirit, between the created and the Creative, between the limited and the Limitless. And no one who has not experimented

and through prayer, uttered or unvoiced, sought this union, can be deemed worthy to make authoritative statements either about prayer or about God.

* * *

The two great quests of humanity—the quest for happiness, and the quest for power—find in mysticism their highest expression.

That man lives for happiness is a truism. It is the great dominant motive in life, to such an extent that even religions can prosper only when they offer happiness,—happiness more abundant than falls naturally to the lot of man.

The true martyr goes to the stake or the arena chanting hymns of joy. This joy may be in the terms of psychopathology a form of hysteria; or it may be something else beyond the power of materialistic analysis. But it is a joy real enough to the religionist to cause him to give up for it possessions and home and friends,—yea, wife and children.

The search for happiness has led mankind through strange adventures. The sense

world contains an immediate appeal, the illusion of which only infinite experience of suffering and disappointment can offset.

Primitive races have found in the delirium of drink and of sex the acme of sense satisfaction. These pleasures indeed have proved so ecstatic as to appear to the naive mind to be a part of religion. Soma, an alcoholic drink, figured largely in the religious cult of the ancient Hindus; while the juice of the grape, in the Greek festivals, acquired the dignity of godhead. Sex orgies figured so largely in certain Greek religious rites, influenced from more eastern cults, that the mystic brotherhood of the early Christian Church fell under like suspicion. In India sex has been and still is the largest element in the religious rites of the lower classes, and in certain sects the practises are so unusual as to forbid description.

The point to notice is this, that in the abandon of intoxication, either of alcohol or of sex, unthinking man finds a spiritual quality. That there is, in spite of Puritanic conceptions to the contrary, a certain spiritual quality in joy, may be true.

But the sense-world disappoints,—not by its failure to give pleasure, but by its failure to give sustained pleasure, and by reason of the depths of misery into which the sensualist is plunged between his periods of exaltation. If a way could be discovered to make these sense satisfactions lasting, doubtless the majority of mankind would be quite content to linger in this valley. The fact that sense happiness is so fleeting, so ephemeral, may indicate to the inspective mind that Nature did not intend the senses to enthrall. It is only when satiety, disgust, misery intervene, that the seeker of the senses betrays his loyalty to flesh and seeks elsewhere for joy.

Moderation, then, becomes the foundation for a higher, more delicate civilization,—permitting the innate forces of the self to expand in creations of art and philosophy and refinement of living. The savage reaches a fierce maturity at adolescence. The races of civilization, conserving more carefully their emotional and sex force, prolong youth through a period which sees the rise of a creative will. Ambition, love of the beauti-

ful, unknown aspirations, stir the soul of civilized youth; while the savage is content to complete at puberty his cycle of existence, henceforth living but to feed and spawn.

Yet even in the mental world, the world of art and thought and dreams, one finds a disappointment. The most intellectual of men are not always the happiest. The artist is a slave to his temperament, which leads him onto mountain peaks, only to cast him next moment into valleys of despair. Again joy is found transient, a will o' the wisp; and the determined man, never relinquishing his quest, strikes out into unknown fields, an adventurer after happiness, a pioneer, a mystic.

Because the pioneer in the land of spirit cannot state in terms of evident proof, to the sensualist and to the man of materialistic culture, the marvels of his dream world, he is set apart as strange, as unveracious, as psychopathic. It is easier so. One does not then have to give up one's superb faith in matter. For when one begins to let go of solid earth, one fears the outcome.

So, in the day when old men dream

dreams and young men see visions, the materialist strengthens his grip upon things earthly, and denies the soul with scalpel and X-ray.

Not only does the materialist have a vague and inchoate fear of losing his grip upon the solid flesh; but he also, humanwise, dislikes to believe that others can have found something of which he is deprived. And so when the visionary has sold all his possessions and acquired the pearl of great price, the materialist laughs at him and rejoices to think the jewel false. So, also, the materialist, to be logical, laughs at Christ and pities Him for his hallucinations; so he rejoices at finding Mohammed an epileptic and St. Francis of Assisi psychopathic. So hog-like, with snout in the trough, he sniffs defiance at the fairest blossoms of the world above him. Were God to appear to him in flesh, yet would he not believe.

Christ was a mystic, as are all the Founders of Religions. Christ's teachings were essentially mystic; yet out of the Christianity of today has been taken all that mysticism which is the very breath of religion,—

and there is left to the world only an empty shell which is no-religion.

* * *

That the mystic finds the highest joy, the most supreme joy, the most lasting joy, that mortals know,—many have proven from their inner experience. To others, we trust that our book as a whole may convey a demonstration of this truth. And now we pass to the next point, which is that the mystic also solves the quest for power.

Happiness would very soon pall, were there nothing for man to work at, nothing for him to achieve, no destiny for him to carve out of the resisting material about him. The will to create is as innate in man as the desire for happiness; for as much as he partakes of the divine, in so far is he impelled to create.

In its lowest phases this thirst for creative power takes the form of a desire to dominate over others. He who can inspire the highest degree of fear, respect, and obedience from those about him is the greatest among them. Not at this point in human evolution does humility appear desirable, nor that mystic

phrase comprehensible that "he who is least among them is the greatest."

This exercise of power, though selfish, accomplishes certain cosmic ends, hence is permitted for the nonce by Destiny. By it are developed organization, social and political groups, and that fierce competition in which the fit survive and the weak go to the wall. Power is necessary to growth and progress, and the only rewards which Nature offers the weak are suffering and extinction.

There comes a time, however, in the Spiritual evolution of man, when the selfish are deprived of power. Cruel, despotic, masterful as man can be, he cannot cope with the forces of Destiny; he cannot long oppose the Universal Law and prosper.

In a certain stage of evolution it is the physically fit who survive; when the powers of the human mind have developed, manifesting themselves in various power-producing inventions, it is not the physically but the mentally strong who survive; but in an age in which man has so matured as to consciously draw power from the Source of Power, it is not the mentally or the physi-

cally fit, but the spiritually fit who become the masters of men. And inasmuch as spiritual man is a mystic, it is the mystic, in a spiritual age, who manifests the greatest power.

This fact is not hard to see in the realm of art creation. The artist, drawing his inspiration from a higher Source, creates forms of beauty for the world. The greater his inspiration, the more selfless he is, the nearer to the Creative Source,—by so much the greater is his creative work. Egoism, conceit, self-consciousness, desire for the mere outer manifestations of power,—these things eat like hidden cankers at the creative heart of the artist, until the whole world cannot fail to notice a diminution in his power.

The true artist knows that he is inspired—knows that the fairy forms of beauty that haunt his dreams are not the children of his brain, but visions from another world. He knows that he is but a channel, pouring forth cheer and inspiration to the world in proportion as he is freed from obstructions of self.

Even the greatest of men said, "Call me not good. Of myself I do none of these

things." And if the greatest make no claim to personal power, shall the least among us strut and crow with human vanity, because it has been vouchsafed us to create?

In even more practical ways man recognizes the value and the mystic wonder of an inspiration. The great inventors tell us that after they have set all their superb powers of intellect to work upon a given problem, the final solution comes to them suddenly, unconsciously, inspirationally, as a gift from the blue. And so come to earth all the marvels of modern science,—the telephone, the telegraph, and mighty machinery that obeys like a huge hapless slave the slightest will of man.

If inspiration helps the scientist, it can help the business man. True, the human brain can of itself accomplish marvels of organization and production: but greater marvels can be accomplished by those who know how to grasp Ideas; who, not content with imitating, would create new fields of human endeavor. For the business man is also a creator.

We half expect the artist to be a mystic;

we can even understand how an inventor can be a little queer in this direction; but it is a new and almost inconceivable thing to imagine the business man as intuitive, spiritual, and truly creative. Yet there are those who have applied the principles of mysticism to their business, realizing from prayer, faith, and concentration a degree of power and external success corroborative of the value of their efforts.

It is unfortunate that mysticism in the past has been almost universally correlated with asceticism, irresponsibility, withdrawal from the world,—resulting in a total unproductiveness on the plane of the visible. The ordinary mortal has no means of judging the value of dreams, save as they result in action and achievement; and quite rightly does he measure his neighbor by results, by work accomplished, rather than by rapt visions and ideals.

On the other hand, a mysticism that would produce a greater power and efficiency of achievement would commend itself even to the practical American. Can mysticism become efficient? That is its greatest problem.

In the East it has been inefficient. Yet in the nature of things there is no law which compels it to remain so.

It is not without reason that Destiny has fostered in the West a race disdainful of mere dreams and visions, a race hardy to create and achieve, a race which stands solidly for material efficiency. Material efficiency without the spiritual vision is no more accusable than a mysticism which accomplishes nothing. If we are to blame the West we must also blame the East. Destiny is tolerant of faults, and we may better spend our effort, not in regret for a one-sided development in either hemisphere, but in working for a union of these two attitudes toward life so vividly expressed in the Occidental and Oriental civilizations.

Let mysticism become efficient, and let efficiency become spiritual. The perfect man must manifest on the material plane the power which he draws from spiritual sources. The ecstacy of vision must be wrought out in the sweat and toil of achievement. The man who creates is really spiritual, whether he know it or not. But the greatest inspira-

tions come to those who know consciously where to seek Power.

And so, I say, the mystic solves the problem of power, as he solves that of joy; and he unites in his being the song with the creation; rejoicing in ever new unfoldment of his powers, in ever new accomplishment, working joyously by the side of the Friend.

CHAPTER III.

"THE WAY"

THIS doctrine of "The Way" appeals but little to Americans, who, both in theory and practice, raise the ideal of strenuosity to its apotheosis. To smash one's way through all opposition, to fight against the heaviest obstacles, to engage in increasing activity in order to bring about desired ends,—this is the American ideal. At the other pole of thought is the calmness and conservatism of the Oriental, who takes the line of least resistance and shrinks from brutally contesting the field of victory.

Each is a matter of temperament and climate, of racial heredity and social example. That the Oriental may have something of truth in his point of view is the thought needed to be brought home to the strenuous American, who in action—restless and too often undefined—prematurely exhausts the very springs of action within him.

Of what use is it to do three men's work at thirty if one must die as the result at forty? Or to crowd five years activity into one, if that one year of effort is to bankrupt the store of power meant to last a lifetime? Haste! Yes, in our age of timetables and alarm clocks, haste is our god! But haste makes waste, and America needs a movement to conserve, not only her physical but also her human and spiritual resources.

Are we Americans the masters of our fate, as Henley sang? Or but the slaves of Destiny,—who utilizes our ill-governed energies to exploit a marvelous new hemisphere? We have worked hard at the task—none harder. But is it not time now to sit down and take account? The forests are all cleared. The wolves are fled before the ax of the pioneer. The Indian has subsided to a harmless ward. The winds and waves are harnessed to our will. And the earth contributes of her treasures for the comfort of humanity more generously and more amazingly than in any previous age or country of the world. Let us take breath and look about us. Are there not other things in life than dollars and div-

idends? Are there not other forms of achievement than that of developing earth's resources? Are there not other ideals than mere physical wealth and domination?

As one who struggles in the thick of the fight loses his perspective of the battle, so perhaps the American who is working himself to death—he knows not why—may miss somewhat of true vision, may waste his efforts because his efforts are unguided. Not mere activity, but well directed activity is regarded by the wise.

If one hour spent in calm meditation will clear up a difficult problem, inspire a new method, or yield a new ideal of achievement, is that hour not worth days of mere work? The plan must precede the action, not the action the plan; and Americans rush often too hot-headedly into action without taking time to plan. The Great War illustrates how careful planning may defeat with ease the savage activity of unorganized and ill-equipped hordes. We make a god of quantity—but quality is more important. Not how much we do, but how much we do of value, is what counts.

It would not seem to the strenuous Occidental that a model school could be conducted by a principal who spent several hours a day on the roof of his house in dreamy meditation. Our ideal of a head master is one who is rushing here and there, dictating countless letters, meeting people, giving speeches, taking violent exercise, and living twenty-five hours a day. Yet Rabindranath Tagore has made his school successful, from every point of view; and he has built up his unique institution along those Oriental lines of calm poise and spiritual insight.

What man would value the month's work of a day-laborer with the hour's achievement of a genius, who in that period of time dashes off an immortal poem or a melody destined to enchant the world?

Democracy gives a false impression of average values, enviously attempting to obliterate all distinctions of superiority in brain, temperament, and insight. Hence the tendency in a new, raw, and crude social organism such as ours, to measure a man by

the amount of work he does instead of by the quality of his achievements.

The man of dreams, of meditations, of visions, is ill-appreciated in a race of workers who conceive not the power his dreams may exert over their activities.

It was dreams before action that produced the French Revolution,—a fainéant Rousseau who set the spark to one of the greatest of social and political conflagrations.

And where, pray, are born those ideas which are the seed of all action, save in the lonely struggle of the Self with the problems of the Universe? The world's great creators are ever lonely men,—men who must, at times, retire from the throng in order to get a clear vision of the right. They —the poets, the painters, the composers—receive their greatest inspirations in moments of peace and tranquility. From the flowers of spiritual calm they distill that perfume which sweetens the harshness of our daily life.

But were poets alone to appreciate the value of meditation, of calm, and of non-activity, what a minuscule proportion of humanity would profit by these things! It is

not to the dreamer, already meditative by nature, that one wishes to appeal, but to the practical business man and to the world's o'er-weary workers.

Can this habit of in-drawing, of cessation from activity, be applied to business? It would seem impossible. Yet I know a man with the smooth, boyish face of a dreamer, whose business, because he took time to think and be original, in a period of real depression increased above that of any previous year. He is one who has the daring to free himself from routine and to rid himself of all petty details. He may come to his office and work hard all day, he may come for only an hour, or he may not come at all. And following thus the guidance of his inner personality, he conceives ideas which are convertible into money. Here is success, measured even from the most materialistic standpoint, for in our country money is the final test of accomplishment.

Many a business man is beginning to realize that a mind fresh, healthy, calm, is able to achieve more in an hour than a mind

fatigued and too harnessed to its task can do in days.

Once convince the financier that ideas are worth ten times their measure of mere work, and you have him playing at golf, riding horse-back, daring to be at ease where others are making themselves idealess by overwork. It is a new doctrine, but one already gaining many adherents.

The greater ability a business man has, the less hours he spends in his office; and decisions which involve millions are made in a quiet discussion of half an hour.

It is the man of small conceptions and petty caliber who is always working, a slave to his task. Beads of perspiration stand out upon his unthinking brow, and worry and anxiety reign turbulent over a mind that has never learned how to create.

For the subordinate in business to rise above the tyranny of routine is difficult, so long as his employer demands from him mere work. Yet independence, originality, rebellion against the slavery of petty tasks, will in time raise clerks to managers and make creators out of mechanicians. Cour-

age, boldness, and assertion are the qualities that make for success against obstacles.

I would that all men of affairs were mystic, in the true sense of the word. Materialism has had its day. Many are coming to realize the existence of forces other than, and superior to, themselves,—forces that make for progress and success.

To rely upon one's self, upon one's inner powers of accomplishment, is a rare gift; but to rely upon a higher Power which controls the movements of Destiny and holds in its grasp every entity in the universe, that is still a rarer gift,—and that is to be a mystic.

To the materialist this is babbling nonsense, for he believes in no power higher than himself; and before an audience of such, mysticism had best hold its tongue. But fortunately there is a spiritual breeze stirring, gently making itself felt, moving the stagnant pools of scepticism and heralding the hope of a new day.

Are there not already a host of business men who in times of stress look above and beyond themselves for aid? who turn to

prayer in the midst of trouble and have learned how to place their hands in the hands of the Friend, that they may find guidance?

Call it what you will. Call it Christian Science, New Thought, or call it simply Christianity,—there are more men who can give testimony of these things than the world dreams. People are shy of speaking of such experiences. Your very neighbor who walks so placidly to business in a week of downward drift and frequent bankruptcies, may be gathering, in prayer and inward mediations, the power and the guidance which is carrying him successfully through great and anxious issues. He does not claim to be a mystic—would be ashamed to confess to that appelation—but such he is in the truest meaning of the word.

And where, pray, is mysticism of more value than in business? No department of life so sternly tests one's powers, or brings such an immediate and emphatic response to able effort. Meditation which revolves about itself in endless cobwebs is of no value to the world. More and more as I grow

older, meditative by temperament, do I admire the powers of the business man to achieve. There is the test! Dreaming without achievement is a sorry return to make the universe for shelter and life. Rightly do men measure ability by its success in wresting a living from the world. I have no ultimate quarrel with those who admire incomes. There are other kinds of success—but in nine cases out of ten one's earning capacity is the correct measure of one's powers.

The greatest achievement of this century will be found, I believe, in the application of mysticism to business,—in the miracle of Spirit breaking forth into natural increase, making fat the land with corn and wine and prospering all who trust its guidance. That spirituality is the greatest source of power, is the truth now crying to be heard.

"Nature strives not, and therefore she accomplishes everything." The Oriental thinkers have in the course of ages drawn many lessons from Nature—but none more deep, or more pregnant for humanity than this great doctrine of Laotze's. It is not difficult to see what it means. Everything

in nature is content to fullfil its inner destiny, not in ways of strife and strain, but in peaceful, harmonious, gradual unfolding of that which is within. The seed sends forth a shoot, the shoot becomes a shrub, the shrub becomes a mighty oak. But where in this process can one observe anxiety, strain, or undue haste? A raindrop falling on the mountain-side joins company with other raindrops; and the tiny streamlet trickling down meets with other streamlets and becomes a dashing brook, meets with other brooks and forms a river. And here, where power is greatest and achievement at a maximum, is observed the greatest tranquility and poise. The little mountain brook is dashing and strenuous; but the river is mighty, majestic, and calm.

How impressive to watch the current sweep over a large dam. Dark masses of water approach with a slow power the obstacle over which they are to pass,—but there is no fretting or straining. Each drop holds its place, and is swept over the dam by a destiny mightier than itself. When the current is too low or too feeble to flow over,

it calmly bides its time gathering power for the onward drive. This is what Laotze meant when he said, "Nature never strives."

But is Nature for this reason a helpless fainéant? Can it be said that in this seeming inactivity she accomplishes nothing? Step by step, almost imperceptible to the observation of man, Nature in her calm way has formed our globe, has prepared it for living forms, and has developed all of life which we see about us here today.

The sun, that mighty symbol of unstriving power, has by its gentle radiative force nursed into being every form of activity which characterizes our globe. Lightning and thunder pay tribute to its majesty. Cyclones and whirlwinds wear themselves out beneath its gaze. But it shines on,—never dimmed, never exhausted, calm and serene in an eternal influence which outlasts every form of cataclysmic might.

There are in Nature, as well as among men, to be found busy-bodies,—strenuous little currents of activity which have their place in the stupendous whole; but they are only the servants of those more regal forces

whose action is harmonious, tranquil, and unstriving.

When will mankind learn that harmony, not violence, is the keynote of the universe? When will they learn to trust themselves, childlike, to the mighty movements of that Law which has called them into being; and which will, in its own time, unfold to each one his or her true destiny?

"Every thing which is in due time for thee, is in due time for me, O Universe," is the lesson which life taught a pagan sage.

There are times in which to act—and times in which not to act. But worry never yet has accomplished anything of worth.

The strenuous American, confiding only in the strength of his right hand, seeks to batter down the walls that obstruct his path. Gallant but futile effort! When, if one were to go his way patient in his trust and effort, who knows but somewhere Destiny would open to him the gate through which she has meant from the beginning that he should pass?

Is there a guidance that seeks to lead us to success? Of this one can speak but veil-

edly. The greatest truths are wasted upon unbelievers. Though a hundred Christs and Buddhas and Laotzes were to bring their message to the world pointing the way to new and more glorious triumphs for humanity,—yet would mankind, through its terrible inertia of scepticism, being for the most part of little minds, lack the courage and the will to achieve that new success.

Of what avail to offer what few prize? Or what advantage, to speak of laws which as yet humanity has not evolved enough to use?

Yet here and there are men who dare to trust these laws,—pioneers, who hesitate to claim an understanding of that which is so new and strange and epochal; that guidance which, from sources one knows not of, like mysterious currents of the ocean sweeps one's life on to success.

A power more unknown than gravity, stranger than electricity, seeks to rule our lives. We may not analyze it—yet we may use it when we know its ways. By yielding to it we can command it. By confessing ourselves inferior to it, it becomes our ser-

vant. By claiming that we are nothing, through its aid we become great and wise. By listening to its voice of warning, we instinctively avoid the hundred little pitfalls of the world. By following its guidance, we achieve mighty works without anxiety or strain. For we are working as Nature works, —and when at last we strive to do nothing, we accomplish everything.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERCOMING OF DESIRE

EACH great religion has contributed something to the world's thought. The unique contribution of Buddhism is its doctrine of non-desire.

Buddha, beginning life with every advantage of birth and position, surrounded with all the pleasures that wealth can bestow upon the senses, discovered that life's joy lies not in such.

Seven weary years in quest of joy he wandered, seeking it through torture and negation of the body. Not here, however, the source of joy, as his discerning heart discovered.

Then came the illumination—simple enough, as all great truths are simple. He discovered that the cause of sorrow is desire; that the cure for sorrow is the overcoming of desire. When this light dawned upon him, he went forth among his fellow-men with shining face and woke into life a spark

in others which made their faces also shine.

A truth which makes people's faces shine is a sublime truth. Not often does it come to earth. Yet when it comes, it is as natural as love, cheering as rays of sunshine, and as powerful as the Creative word. Nothing can prevent its spreading through the hearts of men till ultimately it becomes imbedded in the thought-structure of humanity. We cannot now doubt that Love is the key to life, or that Non-Desire is the door which leads to happiness.

Those truths which the Great Ones have wrought out in the loneliness of their spiritual strivings, we lesser creatures prove correct by the experience of years.

It is hard for the young person to realize what Non-Desire means, or what its value. Each earth-bound soul is born a bundle of desires, and it is part of the process of growth to develop these desires. Hence to say to the young, "Desire nothing," is to talk to them in a strange language. That keen ambition of youth; that thirst for pleasure, for knowledge, for experience; that restless spirit of enterprise which would try all

things and yet not be content; that intense desire for fame, for glory, for self-exaltation; and that impelling power of sex which adolescence sets in motion,—all these brook ill the spiritual command, "Cease to desire!"

But some learn lessons more quickly than others. It is as if, made wise by the experience of many lives, they understood even from childhood that which Destiny is aiming at. It is not necessary for them to suffer so many misfortunes as others in order to hear the Truths that are knocking at their door. A few bitter experiences, a few sense-pleasures turned to ashes, suffice to teach them that the road to happiness lies not in the valley of desire.

To the meditative mind life gradually makes clear the truth, that all material things are perishable; nay, must in the very nature of their being pass away.

Wealth brings a multitude of possessions. But wealth is precarious, and even when its massive proportions seem to assure a permanence, the soul may turn in loathing from the very things which once allured.

To the lover in the ecstasy of passion

love seems immortal, a possession of the soul superior to time and change, a power beyond the possibility of loss or hazard. Yet passion wanes as it arises, and the red rose which to-day entices the nightingale to-morrow is withered away. Even that love which has in it some element of the divine is ever haunted by the fear of separation. For we live in a world of change; and Destiny has never assured us that the souls of those we love should stay always in earth-bodies. Death, or even distance, may plunge the heart in gloom. In an existence phased in matter, a few miles of land or sea may frustrate the dearest longings of the soul.

And so the philosopher consoles himself with not loving much. He seeks to disengage himself from the net of circumstance, and to become unattached to the things of earth. With stoic heart he sees quite placidly his friends and loved ones pass away, his possessions disappear, his cherished ambitions fail. Why, he says, should one set one's heart on the possession of a trinket which may so easily be lost or

taken from one; or which may cease, upon possession, to attract? And by analogy he applies this reasoning to life itself, and ceases to desire.

No one has so well expressed or so well lived the stoic life as that great Emperor who, having all, sacrificed in spirit all that he had; and by the power of philosophy and faith severed his soul from every earthly tie.

Yet the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic, is not the deepest nor the truest interpretation of the doctrine of non-desire. We should not strive to love less, but to love more. We should not seek to starve our hearts, but to enlarge them to embrace the universe.

Renunciation is not mere negation. We gain little by cutting things off from us, or by cutting ourselves from the world. Neither asceticism nor stoicism solve life nor satisfy the soul of man, which is destined to own all things, not to discard them.

If by desire we mean attachment to things external to the self, then it may be said that spiritual evolution is measured by

the extent to which one has overcome desire. If by desire, however, we mean a reaching out for progress, for evolution, for cosmic growth, then the status of a race or of an individual may be measured by the amount of this desire it or he possesses.

In other words, there are two kinds of desire which must be clearly differentiated, —one a desire for externals, and the other, a desire for self-development. In ordinary life the two are so closely mingled that it is difficult for the uninitiated to conceive of them as separate. Hence, when one says, "Overcome desire," the average person points the finger of scorn at those races which have most followed this doctrine, conspicuous for their cultural stagnation; and then points proudly to the races of the Occident, which by the very burning flame of their desire have forged new links of progress on the chain of life. He, then, who would teach the doctrine of Non-Desire to the West, must needs make his doctrine clear.

Whatever tends to self-development is a desire not by any means to be condemned.

The youth who, oppressed by poverty, yearns so greatly for a college education that he is willing to toil and endure hardship for his degree, is surely not to be despised. The person of curious turn of mind who longs to travel, is not to be condemned if by might and main he forces his way about the world. The artist who feels an impelling desire to create is obeying a heaven-sent impulse when he subordinates everything else in life to his creation. And is this not desire?

But there are other directions in which the soul of man destined to send out spiritual rays to radiate itself, so to speak, in creative activity neglectful of this destiny spends its efforts in the mere endeavor to acquire, to heap up things external to itself,—such as house and lands and luxuries and wealth and fame and immortal descendants. It is this desire which Buddha would condemn. Not only because it leads to selfish action toward others, but chiefly because it leads to unhappiness and frustrates the soul's growth.

He who desires strongly material pos-

sessions is tempted to acquire them at the expense of others. That is the substance of the spiritual message of a Christ or Buddha. Desire leads to injustice, to cruel competition, to brute selfishness. And selfishness separates the soul from God. Desire lies at the very root of the competitive system which the Leaders of Humanity have tried to displace by the system of co-operation.

In his vision of the Kingdom, Christ portrayed a life on earth freed from aggression, from selfishness, from the mad clutch after wealth and position. Such an ideal is chimerical, Utopian, and impossible of achievement, say the devotees of the competitive system, whose conception of life is to wrest as much as possible from the world about them. That humanity can live and let live, is to them incredible. If they are to succeed, it is because they hope to cut off their competitors from profit.

Yet there are some, even now, who conceive that a true bargain is one in which both sides find profit; who dare to believe that the earth holds enough for all; and who

maintain that complete civilization means a point reached in human progress where the welfare of society is put before the welfare of the individual.

No amount of legislation, of doctrinaire, or of socialistic effort, will establish co-operation upon earth until men have remitted somewhat their intensity of desire after things external. So long as men desire wealth above the ability to produce wealth; so long as they strive for success rather than to make themselves worthy of success; so long as worldly position means more to them than personality; so long will the world remain a jungle in which the strong prey upon the weak, only themselves to fall a prey to others stronger.

Will humanity not learn at last that Destiny prefers proficiency to scheming, ability to dollars, greatness of soul to social sanctions? Will men not learn to trust themselves to God, who desires nothing more than to discover those worthy of success?

When Christ said, "Take no thought for

the morrow"—"Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you,"—he was trying to teach humanity that faith in Destiny which will one day change the world from a contagion of cruelty to a heaven of peace and love; from a muddle of brute competition to a mysterious provision which feeds all who trust themselves to universal currents.

It takes faith! It takes discernment! It takes courage! The coward fears, and seizes from his neighbor's wealth enough to bulwark him against distress. The spiritual man comprehends that he whose attitude is one of bestowal becomes the special favorite of Fortune, the recipient of all worldly and spiritual necessities,—which he gets without desire, without struggle, without competition. Because he gives all, he receives all. Because he alienates himself from the world of the brute, he is initiated into the city of Celestial Splendors,—into which are being gathered, slowly, sparsely, those of humanity who perceive the Shining Ray. Verily this is a mystery! And none can

comprehend it, save those whose hearts are aflame with the love of the Kingdom.

* * *

The danger in desire lies in desiring contrary to the Universal plan. Such desires must in their very nature fail and leave their possessor plunged in sorrow. But there is no law against desiring the things of the spirit. Patience, gentleness, love, purity, knowledge, wisdom, creative power, —he who desires these things and sets his heart upon them, has all the aid of the heavenly powers toward their attainment. For the spiritual resources are infinite; and he who gains more love robs no one of that gift, but adds to the store of universal love. This is what the sage calls creation; for it adds to, and detracts not from, the Treasuries of Destiny.

And the way of such desire is the way of peace. Here there is no conflict, no competition, no brutal selfish struggle for existence. To the man who has gained this

haven, it is like running from a tempest-tossed sea into a harbor tranquil and safe. It is the same life, lived amid the same surroundings,—yet so different. Others around him are still fighting, still fearing, still apprehensive of failure and extinction, while he alone travels securely the way of Peace.

"Take no thought for the morrow!" This ye cannot believe, ye of little faith,—but must plan and fight and worry, striving to attain that which Destiny does not desire ye to attain, expecting vainly those things that never come. For Destiny has its own plans for you. Yea, even for thee, my friend, and would not leave thee without guidance. Yet how can it guide thee, who knowest not how to follow guidance!

This is the Tragedy of life,—that humanity should plunge its way self-willed, blindly, through brambles and briars and morasses of fear, when the Path lies so clear and bright for those who see.

And how for this have the Leaders of Humanity wept, yea, bewailed the world's needless sufferings. Standing on the

heights they would point the road to happiness. Yet few, so few, have dared to follow. And They must then return in martyrdom to the Heaven of Significances and report that man is not spiritually mature; that like a brute he must needs still fight and struggle for existence, because he will not see that he is expending his efforts over things of little import while the great world-tasks remain undone.

Shall it be that, adolescent, as it were, we humans shall suddenly develop into manhood? Are we near the epoch of maturity? Is the dawning of the promised day of peace and love and worship near at hand?

We know not what the Great Ones plan. Yet many souls, incarnated in this age, burn to teach humanity new truths; and in the Realm of Causation mighty forces are working to hasten evolution. A spirit is brooding over the deep, as in the first days of creation; brooding to bring forth, not sea and sky and land, nor fish, nor fowl, nor crawling things on earth, but to bring forth light and truth and grace, and the knowledge of God.

In the throes of this New Age it were well that no person desire aught for himself. But to be on fire with the love of God; to possess insatiable yearning for the Kingdom; to strive night and day for spiritual wisdom;—this is the true desire.

CHAPTER V.

DESTINY AND THE SOUL

IN the Orient men still believe in an over-ruling God. Here such belief has gone out of fashion. Ideas of a beneficent Providence once had a place in our philosophy of life. Now they are held only by the ignorant; for educated people know too much to-day to believe in any power greater than themselves.

But the Orientals are childlike. They have a sublime faith in the Universe which makes them oblivious to the petty cares of life. They do not worry about trifles, because they think that what is to happen will happen anyway, and the best course is to bear disappointment and sorrow with resignation.

The Mohammedans are extreme fatalists, believing that every event in their lives is determined before birth, written in their book of life, and cannot be avoided. This fatalism rules their every act. In business

they do not strive for customers as do their Christian competitors. If Allah is to send them customers, those customers will come without being dragged in by the buttonhole. Hence the Turkish merchant has a dignified and calm tranquility which raises him above the pettiness of ordinary retail business. He is the master of life and not the slave of it.

The same calmness characterizes his attitude toward death, either of himself or of his friends. Since that supreme event of life cannot be avoided or delayed, it is met wth simple resignation and without display of grief.

Even in his every-day acts the Mohammedan shows that naive piety of which the word "Inshallah" (God willing) is symbolic. He never plans for the future without modifying his statements by this "Inshallah," signifying his resignation to God's will above and beyond his own needs and plans.

The phrase "Deo Volente" used by our ancestors is now obsolete, it being considered absurd to take into account at all the will of God in making plans. We

moderns are a bold and boisterous race; and what we plan and determine upon we are going to carry through, strenuously and gloriously, whether God wills it or not. We will carry it through, or die in the attempt. Of course we have not become quite such masters of Life as to have mastered Death. There we succumb, crying in the face of such a destiny that we are "masters of our fate," meaning, I suppose, that though we are mastered at the end by Death, we refuse to acknowledge the fact.

Yes, the Oriental is a fatalist—deeply and consistently so. From the Golden Horn to the Peak of Fujiyama the belief in destiny is so strong as to tinge the whole Oriental philosophy of life, producing not necessarily stagnation though such is the current criticism of it. Japanese fatalism in her war with China produced such a heroism in the face of death, such a spirit of self-sacrifice, that it proved to be a quality both efficient and triumphant.

Fatalism in China, while it is open to criticism as to its results to-day, when considered in the light of history must be

credited with a large share of the stability of that ancient race, which has endured the shocks of destiny for ten times the number of centuries that this New World has been known. And China still exists—amorphous, it is true—weak, helpless, it may seem,—yet as I believe, destined to play still a mighty part in the world's progress.

The Chinese belief in destiny is less child-like and naive than that of the Mohammedans. In a logical analysis of the theory of destiny, there appears that contradiction which is so inherent in any thought of a divine control. If all of our actions are directed by some high Destiny, where then is our free will, our sense of personality? And what the need of exerting oneself at all?

The Turks, being simple-minded and unmetaphysical, accept the doctrine of fatalism without seeing its inevitable contradictoriness. Our ancestors, in their theology, found this the greatest stumbling block,—a paradox, which as Milton tells us, kept the fallen angels in a rapt discussion from sunrise until sunset.

No human mind has as yet solved this

puzzle, or so explained the theory of destiny as to unite harmoniously its apparent opposites. Hence the childlike mind of the Turk accepts absolutely the belief in a predetermined life without free-will; and the childlike mind of the American accepts as absolutely the belief in utter freedom of the will without an over-ruling Providence.

Is it to be expected that the riddles of the universe may be made apparent to the unthinking mind? In our desire to have everything clear and simple in our theory of life, do we not do an injustice to the universe by denying the possibility of all things which do not fit into our simple scheme,—rejecting those ideas for which we have no mental pigeon-hole?

We have for several centuries, in the Occident, been trying to analyze the Universe; and several schemes have been suggested whereby man and the universe, either with or without God, find their solution. Yet one may be pardoned for thinking at times that the universe is beyond our power of analysis—at least by ordinary methods of cerebration.

Let us make, then, the unbelievable assumption, that two contradictories may be at the same time true. Let us assume that there is a Destiny which guides our lives, while at the same time we are free to act; and for the moment pleading guilty to the illogical, see how this belief works out.

The ancient Chinese had a saying, "Heaven appoints a man's destiny, but he himself must fulfill it." Our primitive ancestors the Anglo-Saxons, great believers in Destiny, reflect their theory as to Fate in "Beowulf," where it is said that "the Wierd (Fate) oft saveth a man, if daughty his valor."

This, then, is the conception which I would have the reader consider for a moment. Destiny is conditional—not absolute; and the condition necessary for its outcome is one's own power of will and of achievement. Success or failure is not thrust upon us by some arbitrary power, but the possibility of success along certain lines is offered us by Destiny,—conditional, first, upon our ability to perceive this offer;

secondly, upon our willingness to co-operate with Destiny in working things out.

It is as if a king should offer to some favorite a post of honor and high privilege, an opportunity which the courtier might or might not rise to fulfill; or as if a father should destine for his son a partnership in his business, yet should say not a word of this to the lad, until he proved himself by effort and accomplishment worthy of this high place.

In such a view of Destiny there is no abnegation of free will. Rather does the outcome depend upon naught else but the sheer power of will in the individual to carve through opposition to success. Never are the weak of will advanced by Destiny—nor does she pour success into the laps of mortals with blind favoritism.

But while achievement must depend upon man's own exertions, opportunities present themselves to one beloved of Destiny in ways marvelous to see. No man, in one sense, can be said to make his opportunities. They are the favors of Fortune, brought to his door that he may fulfill her scheme for

him. Yet in another sense those very opportunities are drawn to one by one's capacity and growth. Great opportunities are never sent to pigmy men.

Not only must one have reached a certain capacity in order to attract large opportunities, but one must have also the perception to realize these opportunities when they come. Many men of large powers are, through their own conceit and hardness, unperceptive of the larger opportunities that pass their door,—and so fail to achieve that success which Destiny would offer them.

By cultivating perception, open-mindedness, adaptability, and a certain facile quality of soul, one favored by Fortune can be guided, as a ship by favoring winds, into the very haven of success. Since man has not that range of vision nor that power of foreseeing which is possessed by Destiny, his plans for himself must ever fall short of Destiny's plans for him. Hence the necessity for overcoming desire, for freeing one's life from any fixed scheme or plan. Freedom is desired of Destiny, freedom from all

human ties which would prevent her Hero from following her standard. Shall one from siren's song be deaf to Fortune's call? Shall one through the fascination of earthly faces be blind to Fortune's beauty? Shall one by human, self-made plans, be so imprisoned that one cannot take the open road when Fortune points the way? Not of such does Destiny appoint her workmen; only from the free of heart and soul, the unconfined, the severed.

It may be said, then, that the ordinary individual has no destiny and receives no guidance. He forms a unit undistinguished from the mass, merely because he fails to distinguish himself. Destiny does not see him. She has no particular plans for him, save as he forms a part of her larger schemes for racial and planetary evolution.

For as there is a destiny for individuals, so there is a destiny for nations, for races, and for humanity itself,—a destiny which may be achieved or failed of, according to the powers of achievement, the faith, and the perseverance of said race, or nation, or planetary mass.

In epochs when the human race is spiritual, perceptive, pure, devoted to ideals, faithful and amenable to guidance, Destiny can achieve more for the world in a single century than elsewise in milleniums.

Were humanity to-day to become aware of the glorious favors destined for it—were it to grow worthy of the honors with which God would crown all mortals—this Twentieth Century might then become the greatest epoch of the whole world's history, before or after; for those who know whisper that this is to be the Century of Divine Gifts.

CHAPTER VI.

RENUNCIATION

TO most people personality, the feeling of a separate existence, is the most eternal reality; but to the Oriental it is an illusion, such as the sun would make reflected from a broken prism. There are not many rays of light, but only One which fills the universe. But through the error of man's eyes, which fail to focus on reality, the universe seems broken up into innumerable entities, each trying to absorb, to crush, to dominate the rest.

Every man of genius whose early efforts have been inspired by the desire to excel, to shine above all others, has later in his development found himself at a point where desire for mere glory was an obstacle to work; and if he has persisted in thus child-like trying to grasp a moth, he has discovered to his dismay, and the world discovers too, that he has lost his genius. For Destiny, which lends us playthings in

our childhood in order to awaken sensibility, wishes us to throw aside these toys when we reach man's estate; and him who persists in playing, Destiny deprives of the ability to work.

Ambition as a desire for self-unfoldment Nature smiles upon; but that ambition which seeks to exalt the personality to a position of ostentatious tyranny must ever meet the fate of Wolsey, who cried:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."

Pride is the food of personality. The ego feeds upon it and spawns from it a loathsome brood of unlovely qualities. Pride is hostile to the purposes of the Universe; and pride, unless it is mercifully crushed by sorrow, may in time cause the destruction of the soul which fosters it. For Destiny does not tolerate long that which balks its progress. If one looks at the history of men and nations, one finds ample evidence of this truth, that the gods inflame with pride those whom they wish to destroy.

Pride is the most dangerous enemy which

besieges the gates of the soul. It is ever active in temptation. It flies the white flag of truce, only to fall upon the self in new and subtler attacks.

Not great armor and weapons of massive size, but the lowliness of humility and the sense of universal love, overcome pride and sever one from personality. He who loves self loses that very self which he loves. He who loses self rises sublime into that inheritance of glory which awaits true Manhood.

Personality is not the soul's maturity. It is the seed out of which by transubstantiation may spring the full and ripened ear. But the seed which wishes to remain a seed, by that very wish cuts itself from life and from the great transforming processes of Nature; and, as nothing in the universe stands still, since it will not grow it is condemned ultimately to decay.

Life retreats from him who pursues it, as a fascinating girl eludes her lover; but to him who has learned the secret of renunciation, life comes bearing gifts of love, fulfilling all things, devoting herself to

Man, her master. The most active courting cannot awaken in a woman's heart that love which she bestows voluntarily upon him who is strong enough to command her soul. And so in the events of Fortune, that man achieves most who is seemingly indifferent to success; who calmly goes his way, intent upon the deed rather than upon its result; self-controlled, patient, waiting as only Nature can teach us how to wait, for the seed to grow to blossom and the blossom to bear fruit. Upon such a man Destiny showers her greatest favors. Because he is free from desire, all things are bestowed upon him. Fortune pledges him her troth and remains faithful to him so long as he is spiritual enough not to be made dizzy by her charms.

Such is the nature of Renunciation, a doctrine little understood by Occidentals. The secret of renunciation belongs to age rather than to youth. The ancient races of the East, having striven hotly for the things of their desire only to see desire fail, awoke centuries, yea, millenniums ago to the folly of setting the heart upon those things which

are but the floating jetsam of life's tides. Solomon, having tried all, cried, "All is vanity"; and the wise men of the East, discovering these truths, evolved the doctrine of renunciation which is in a way the keystone of Oriental thought.

"Submission to Allah" is the meaning of the word "Islam," a submission so interpenetrating the daily life of Moslems that their very forms of prayer are expressions of the soul's submission to its Maker. But submission is not renunciation. The one is passive; while the other is an active, virile quality of the spirit without gaining which no proselyte can walk far along the path of mysticism.

How foreign such a quality to our Viking race! A young race, lusty, ferocious, grasping at all things, trying the world and in the first flush of manhood finding it fair! To the inheritors of this Berseker rage for living, not renunciation but the apotheosis of the strenuous appeals.

A great musical genius of this race, as great in philosophic thought as in the melodies which thronged his brain, Wagner,

in his "Tristan and Isolde" harmonized the two ideals of the East and West,—glorious red blood's rage and striving after joy with as glorious ideal of renunciation. This opera was written while he was in love himself with one who inspired all his work, yet denied him that which his love craved; denied him because duty to another bade her renounce the earthly form and expression of the soul's striving after comradeship. Into "Tristan and Isolde" Wagner poured forth his heart's anguish; and into its final motifs wove a single golden theme, Renunciation, which he had gleaned from Eastern reading.

True renunciation ever comes thus after striving. It lies at the end of the hot pursuit of life. It is earned only by pain and anguish—not an easy gift poured into waiting hands. Think not that renunciation is a passive quality, a thing for children to play with. Think not that it is loss, or narrowing of life's horizon. Only when the soul renounces, is it free. Only when it realizes that it is no longer the slave of objectivity, does it perceive the infinite

richness of its nature. To let go, to bravely hoist the tiding anchor and set sail; then free, joyous, to breast life's sea with the infinite eternal horizon ever unfolding as the soul progresses, such is renunciation

Do we think we can escape sacrifice? As easily escape breathing! It is the law of life. It is the necessity of choosing. To angels there is no such law, as there is no free will. But to man is given freedom, a soul resolute, daring, created for but one effort, the effort of will. We are always choosing. And every time we choose one of two alternatives, we sacrifice the second. There is no other way.

In choosing mundane things we sacrifice the spiritual. Very well, if this gives us perfect satisfaction, let us forget the soul exists, let us surround ourselves with objectivity, let us chase illusions. Destiny would deprive none of happiness. But when the things about us fail to satisfy, and we begin to choose the higher spiritual things, is it any sorrow to give up the lower? If it were, then were the Universe unjust, then were God and Man irreconcilable? Herein

lies the secret of renunciation, that it gives perfect joy. When we choose the things of the spirit and sacrifice the things of the flesh, it is without one pang of regret or else our sacrifice is vain.

Those who feel that in such sacrifice they are losing a possibility of pleasure are not ready for this step. For renunciation is not sorrowful but joyous.

The time must come in the growth of the soul when all desires are renounced. A distinct limit marks the boundaries of individualism. So far can its power go, and no farther. The greatest genius and the most powerful personal will can mould events, can apparently dictate the world's destiny, for a time. Then the crash comes. Let but Jove nod and the proud accomplishments of years tumble down ineffective.

Humanity should now have reached the point of learning that power cannot long be employed personally against the supreme Universal Will. The greatest characters are those who have learned how to submerge themselves in God, how to make their wills but channels of the Divine Will.

Then there is no limit, save infinity, to their power of accomplishment and their power of growth.

This earth is about to become again a battle-ground between the Divine Forces and those who would use their wills for personal ends. Men have suddenly awakened to the marvelous powers of the will and they amuse themselves like children in playing with these powers,—hypnotizing others, forcing others to their desires, suggesting subtly their wishes upon others. This is the great crime of the Twentieth Century. Not physical molestation but psychical brutality. Let those who would thus assert their personal wills, know that the punishment for such a sin equals its enormity. God will not tolerate the selfish expression of personality. Destruction is the karma of all who oppose their wills to His.

But in the New Age who will rule? Those who are pure channels of the Divine. Those who have submerged their will in the One and only Will. Those who have no selfish aims and who seek not to attach their

fellows as slaves to their own personal desires.

Renunciation brings power, but power must not be the motive of renunciation.

CHAPTER VII.

A WORLD OF MATTER AND A WORLD OF FAITH

THIS is a world of matter. That such is the fact, few would dispute. It is the report which all our senses bring us, the undeniable truth which forces itself upon us in the many catastrophes and suffering of life—for all our sorrows are caused by this, that the soul has desires to which the material world opposes obstacles.

Aristotle, milleniums ago, resolved life into terms of matter and of spirit; and saw that all the problems of earthly existence arose from the obstinacy, the obdurance, and the resisting quality of matter to the will of spirit.

Reflect how matter hems us in on every side; how the soul, struggling to express itself, fails because it must express itself through a medium which resists, often perversely it would seem, the effort to

organize it into terms harmonious with spirit.

The artist has a vision,—but with paints and brushes, with fingers too stiff for the task, upon a cold and unresponsive canvass, can but poorly reproduce the glory which he saw and would make manifest.

Upon the inner eye of a sculptor is born a dazzling dream of beauty, which he can show the world,—how? Only by handling for hours and days a form of matter which represents the most material part of the earth, its earthy substance. This clay he moulds, as well as he may, into a form corresponding to his vision. But what a poor resemblance! Can clay express the soul's fair dreams?

And even yet his task is not accomplished, for in order to express himself in matter he has been obliged to use a form of matter which, though somewhat fluent and obedient to his creative will, is unenduring. Now that this task is finished he must begin another task,—that of chiselling in marble, which is durable, a form similar to that in clay. Here he will have achieved something

that will last and that in a measure expresses his ideal. But against what difficulties!

The sculptor, perspiring at the gigantic task of carving huge blocks of marble into forms of spiritual conception, well symbolizes the task the soul confronts when it would mould matter to its will.

The very categories of space and time, without which existence here were impossible, are obstacles to the desires of man. We long to be with a friend a thousand miles away. If our will is strong enough we can accomplish our desire—but at the expense of money (which means labor), of time, and of annoyance.

We long to see the world, to explore our terrestrial habitation,—but we are confined by birth and circumstances to a little country town whose mental vision is no broader than its tiny hill-girt horizon. Here genius without will would perish like a wild beast in a trap. Fortunate that genius is synonomous with will, and finds a way, sooner or later, to express itself—

though often at the cost of health, reason, and perhaps life!

Even the petty annoyances of life, which like the swarming of mosquitoes make miserable our daily round, are seen to rise from the perversity of matter. A draft upon our backs, a vile smell across the street, mud in our path, hateful persons thrown across our way, bacteriologic guests whose presence, uninvited, causes us fever and debility and renders useless the body—the only means Destiny has given the soul to express itself with,—all these difficulties come from living in a world of matter.

A Carlyle suffering from dyspepsia; a Nietzsche gone mad; a Napoleon pacing out his grim despair on St. Helena; a MacDonald dying of starvation because his music was too late appreciated; a Hamlet placed in the dilemma of perpetual shame or of doing that most criminal of human acts, a murder,—are not these, at the bottom, material tragedies, tragedies which would never have existed in a world more fluent to the touch of spirit?

One can conceive of another plane of

existence, phased in far subtler forms of matter quickly responsive to the will, where the soul could live in joy and peace, surrounding itself with all that it desires; happy in the midst of love and perfect beauty; and creating, by the mere effort of the subjective will, entourage and exterior expression. Such, the mystic claims, is the nature of the world of spirit.

Why, then, this disparity? Why has the soul of man been exiled here, in an environment hostile to his inner being, in a material world which resists his every effort to progress.

There can be but one answer. It is to develop the soul's creative will that it was submerged in matter. As the mystic views this worldly life it is a vast school, whose tasks have but one aim; to strengthen and increase the will of man. Every obstacle surmounted, every difficulty overcome, every ingenious device by which man masters his environment,—magnify within him the confidence and power and creative greatness of his soul, rendering it akin to

the Divine in its ability to mould matter to its will.

For matter is not really the harsh, impossible medium that it would seem. Handled by the Divinity itself, it is easily fluent to His will, harmonious, obedient, joyously evolving into more and more magnificent forms of usefulness and beauty. Matter has no terrors for Spirit—because Spirit is causal and matter is but its creation and its servant.

As man, then, develops gradually into the enjoyment of his spiritual birthright, more and more will he too be able to control matter, to employ it, to dictate to it, and to mould it harmoniously to his will.

First, in his intellectual awakening, by means of science and sheer logic, man has grappled with Nature and harnessed her in a small way to his desires. Modern man needs not to be told the marvels of science—for he deifies it, worships it, exalts it to a place in his heart which God alone should hold. But what modern man needs is to be told that material science is not all—that as an expression and development of the mere

brain of man, it can never equal the divine science of the soul, which has a capacity to create to a degree infinitely beyond the capacity of reason.

Let those who doubt this statement file it away and hold it in abeyance until some strange, inner experience confirms its truth. For the spiritual truths are always here, but are perceived only by those who see.

That which causes the greatest confusion of the soul towards materialism is the fact that the soul is here incarnated, lodged in a physical body, surrounded immediately by flesh, through whose mediation only does it at first become aware of existence. Hence the tendency to confuse Being itself with matter, and Spirit with flesh.

There are many, especially in Western countries, who cannot conceive of themselves save in terms of flesh and blood. The solidity of limbs and muscles, the adaptability of the physical structure to the demands of the will, produce in them the feeling that the outer garment is the Self.

They say, "I am weak," "I am sick," "I have failed,"—when they mean this of

their body. Nowhere is this confusion between body and soul so great, or materialism so apparent, as in the phenomenon of death. When those who are beloved die, to the materialist they seem to perish utterly and be compounded with the soil from which they sprung. And in reflecting, themselves, upon death, it is the destruction of the body that appals them. I know a woman whom reflection upon the dread decay that Death might cause her fair young body drove into despondency and neurasthenia.

The Orient has very little of such materialism, save where European philosophy has introduced it. The Arab, Turk, Persian, Hindu, do not conceive themselves as merely flesh,—nor is Death feared among them—Death, the Cup-bearer of the Spheres, as he is poetically called.

The practice of meditation, in a formal or casual way, is a great means of awakening the soul to a sense of its separateness from flesh. The Hindu includes meditation among his religious practices—as do also all mystic orders among Mohammedans—a

continuous spiritual concentration which lasts from one to three hours at a time. In this state the Self is felt to exist apart from body. Looking down at one's limbs, one is aware of them only by the sense of sight, for all other sensation has been merged into the mystic "Halet" which is the goal of dervish and of yogi; and the sight, reporting the existence of this flesh, reports it as something separate from the individual personality,—an instrument which is now asleep but which can be awakened by the very will which sent it to sleep, and can be made to serve the needs and purposes of the personality to which it is attached.

A more unstudied and less conscious form of meditation is instinctively practised by those whose lives are led in open spaces—as they gaze across the vastnesses of deserts, or the limitless expanse of ocean, or looking up at night lose themselves in reverie upon the stars and constellations studding the midnight sky. Those who live close to nature are never intrinsically materialistic.

In Christianity there has been no formal

practice of meditation, save in monasticism and the mysticism of the Catholic Church. When this practice was abandoned by the Protestant Church, with it was lost much spiritual knowledge and faith; and the seeds were sown of that materialism which, sweeping over cultured Europe, has produced a Nietzsche and a war in which the soul of man seems for the time to be submerged in animality and blood-lust.

In Protestanism the nearest we have come to the practice of meditation is in the thoughtful, concentrated, meditative reading of the Bible or of deeply spiritual writings; and in prayer. Either of these two practices will develop in the soul a knowledge of its real aloofness from the flesh that holds it—a knowledge that matter is not master, even here. But without meditation in one form or other, I see no possibility of gaining the mystic realization. A world that is too busy hunting for material comforts to sit down and think, will remain enmeshed in the material net,—conscious of nothing save matter expressed in terms of beauty, of power, of ugliness, of crime, or of

death. Life is for such a people a kaleidoscopic spectacle which changes by the whims of Destiny into strange and unforeseen patterns; and life's sole aim must be to exhaust the pleasure of the present moment, if pleasure there be in it. For never again will this exact pattern be repeated; and some day upon the screen will fall, instead of brilliant hues of fairest gems serene, the dark sombreness of Death and Nothingness.

There are two movements which have arisen within the last generation that have greatly awakened the American mind to some sense of its separateness from matter. These are Hypnotism and Christian Science (with its allied and inherited New Thought); and strangely enough these were at their beginning correlated,—for Quimby, through whom Mrs. Eddy derived her first ideas of the power of Spirit over matter, was himself a delver in hypnotism; and it was through the strange phenomena of this weird practice rather than from any intellectual or spiritual analysis of life that Quimby, an uneducated clock-maker, acci-

dentally stumbled upon the most pregnant and far-reaching spiritual truth yet discovered in the West—that man's will has actual control over his body, for good or evil; and that as man thinks, so is he. Of course Christ taught this. But for centuries no one believed it, until Christian Science demonstrated visibly to incredulous Occidentals the validity of the truth known for millenniums to the East,—that spirit is causal, and that matter is obedient to the Spirit's creative will when scientifically asserted. For the knowledge how to rule the body by the soul is a science, and requires deep and concentrated study. Orientals have developed this science by practices of which I have already spoken.

During the Japanese War an American surgeon operating upon a wounded Japanese general was astounded when the patient, refusing to take ether, submitted to amputation of a limb without the slightest sign of pain. He had, by practices of which he was aware, induced self-hypnotism and cut off from that limb all sensation while

retaining consciousness in his higher centers.

The medical profession is now making a large and considerable use of suggestion but only when forced to do so by its success as practised amateurly in cults which this same profession derides yet imitates. That medicine itself is largely only a form of suggestion, Homoeopathy has for some time claimed; and the entering wedge of spiritualism in the gross materialism of physiological psychology and medicine will one day cause a split, a cleavage so great between the materialist and the mystic in these professions that the common name of "Doctor" can no longer hold them together.

It seems nothing less than a cosmic destiny that has caused so many movements toward a spiritual interpretation of matter to spring up in America within this last generation. Such influences are bound to bring about in time a very different attitude toward life than that now current; and to make possible a closer "rapprochement" between the East and West.

The East in general cares little for

material things—not enough to strive for them; while the West supposes its whole salvation to lie in matter. A harmony between these two extremes would constitute the attitude of the ideal world citizen.

We are placed in a material environment for a purpose—that we may learn how to overcome it and adjust it to our spiritual needs. At the same time, no amount of material progress can bring the world to such a state of perfection that the soul of man will feel at home in an existence so foreign to its nature. It is not the wish of Destiny that man should be so absorbed, so willingly lost in his material environment, as he now is in Occidental lands. The intellectual will can not avail to transform the earth into a paradise—for the simple reason that happiness is really a state of mind, a condition of the soul in perfect harmony with God, and material progress of itself can never bring this to pass.

The true reform should be from within outwards, and not the reverse. When the soul of man reaches a station of creative positiveness, of polar insularity from mat-

ter, it can assert a new environment more harmonious, more peaceful, and more adapted to its spiritual needs; and not until man has reached this station of the creator can he be called truly Man.

It is the part of the beast to partake of the qualities of his environment. It is the part of Man to make environment partake of his qualities.

When Abdul Baha was in this country he stopped in New York at a hotel where the employees were distempered and on the verge of a strike, and the guests querulous and ill at ease. The spiritual power of his mere presence there was so great that within a few days harmony and peace reigned where altercation had prevailed before. This change was so noticeably due to Abdul Baha's presence that the manager of the hotel urged him to make it his headquarters whenever he was in New York.

Discord cannot exist long within the neighborhood of one spiritually adept,—for harmony is the power which he radiates; and like light scattering the sullen darkness

before it, harmony sent out with the power of creative love puts to flight the ineffectual rebellious foes of wilfulness and hate.

When Buddha returned to the world of man from his mighty struggle in the Spirit, his face shone so that people inquired as to the cause; and when he bestowed the power of his new-found truth upon his followers, they too went forth with a light upon their faces which amazed all men. So the majesty of truth spreads, as a glorious light sent back from a thousand mirrors, until all around shares in the golden sheen.

A Carpenter two thousand years ago sent forth such influence that even now, when nations war, the world asks in alarm—"Is this the will of Christ?" Note that they do not ask—"Would Aristotle like this?" So great is the power of the spiritual will that it affects not only its own times, but the times to come; and creates a new environment, not for itself alone, but for the whole human race.

Thus the great teachers of humanity come to earth from a more glorious existence, to teach us how to mould this world

into a likeness to the spiritual kingdom. It is to be achieved through and by matter rendered obedient to the will of the man. Hence the value, in a way, of the materialism of the Occident in asserting and maintaining the importance of material things in life. The Oriental mystic would scatter to the winds the bonds of flesh that bind him, and "freely on the air of heaven ride"—paying no attention to the very tasks and lessons for which his soul was incarnated; while the Occident, with a more solid sense of things, expends his efforts in an endeavor to re-form the matter in the midst of which he exists.

We cannot neglect matter and condemn it thus to oblivion. It will up and at us in spite of a too idealistic denial of its existence. India may assert the illusion of sense—but it perishes physically, nevertheless, to the number of millions yearly from the attack of that very matter which it denies and which becomes more foul and hostile from such denial and neglect.

The West has not so far to go as one might think to attain perfection. It need

not undo its achievements of the past. It is not required of the West to raze its material structures to the ground and begin again at the bare level of material discomfort in which the Orient exists. All has its place. The function of the Occident has been to blaze new trails by means of science toward that Promised Land of which all dream,—the Kingdom of God on earth, or in other words a condition of existence staged in this inferior plane of matter which shall nevertheless reflect somewhat of the happiness and the glory of the Supreme Concourse.

I do not condemn the West. It has achieved much. But not until it goes at its task with more enlightenment and with the perception that spiritual means alone suffice to "remould the world to its desire," shall we attain the Golden Age in which a world of matter has become a world of faith.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOCTRINE OF LOVE

NO religion can be universal, and no character approximate perfection, save where love rules. There are many spiritual qualities, but love binds them all together; and with love absent the proudest edifices of the soul's building fall into disintegration.

The negative of love is selfishness, and selfishness is at enmity with God—the only evil in the universe, the devil which lurks within each one of us, seeking to destroy.

Not all of the great world religions equally emphasize the necessity of love. Of them all, the Krishna sect of Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Christianity have most exalted love. Hindu theology, in its symbol of the cosmic germ "tapas," expresses the mystic doctrine that God loved the world into being. Or again "Purusha," the Man-God, gave his body for a sacrifice of love

that out of it the universe with all its inhabitants might be formed.

The overwhelming force of love, its burning fire, its power to create, make it the most divine gift bestowed on man. Primitive races feel this truth and make a sacrament of sex. Herein lies a glory, a mystery which they would deify. Is it a low ideal? Only to those who conceive it so. Better such a star to guide—near to passion though it be—than the cold etherial depths of darkness out from which burst forth the golden egg, existence.

God created man and placed in him the wondrous spark of life; and, marvel of all marvels, gave him too the power of creating life. Shall not the heart sing in ecstacy at this power of creation?

But so long as man perceives in himself only the forces of physical propulsion, forces destined by the Divine to populate the earth,—so long is he a mere slave to nature, exploited by her for far-reaching ends, himself an infinitesimal unit in the mass of being. Not until a new perception

and a new meaning of Love dawns upon him, does he attain his spiritual estate.

The lotus of love, though its roots lie in the mire of passion, lifts its blossoms to the face of heaven. This is the love which Krishna, which Buddha, which Christ taught the world. Not the love that poets sing of, glorious though that be.

Listen! Buddha said, "As a mother at the risk of her life watches over her child, her only child, turn thou with compassionate heart toward all mankind."

This is a higher thing than sex-love,—though the Teacher, trying to explain it, was obliged to draw his figure from the sex-life. Mother love, initiated by the sex act, but at the Mount of Transfiguration uplifted from the earth,—this love, most selfless of all earthly loves, would Buddha have us give to all mankind.

Here is a task fit for Man to cope with—a task which only spiritually regenerate man can achieve. How is it possible to bestow upon all our fellow beings the burning love which in the mother springs from the creative act?

It is only possible as we become creators, not in clay, but in infinite compassion. Think you that those waves of love, surging from a Buddha's bosom, die ineffective? Ah! could one but have the spiritual vision to trace those waves of love; to see them spread out upon the ocean of existence; to see them flood every human bay and inlet with their tidal force,—then would one realize what a power is love!

"As a mother loves her child, her only child"; or as Christ puts it, "Turn thy heart to God, and with that love with which He endows thee, turn a brimful heart to every neighbor."

This is no meek, mild trifle such as pious men are wont to impugn to the Christ. Lamb of God, yes! But Lion of God, too! "And the lamb shall lie down with the lion." Twain and inseparable, these qualities in the truly spiritual man, love-endowed, heart-bursting, partner with God in creating cosmos out of chaos.

How were it possible for the Divine to trust mankind with such creative power, save by attaching it to love? Were one

able to create by any other power,—man, prone to selfishness as the bat to darkness, would use his powers for separative aims, and like Lucifer, Sun of the Morning, deem himself equal with God!

But love seeks no equality—vaunts not itself—craves nothing but in union to lose selfhood! It is the undying impulse in man to die unto himself. Between these two forces, the centripetal desire to live, and the centrifugal desire to, in love, expire, spins the universe upon its spiritual course.

There is no thought of self in love! There is no seeking to acquire! Only the great longing to give out, the bursting of a heart that is full, as the golden Egg of the Vedas burst forth into the radiance of stars and solar systems.

Selfishness cannot create. Its only aim is to absorb,—as the sponge would fill itself with water; as the octopus, thousand-tentacled, would draw all to it. But from the depths of such sea-dankness, lift thine eyes unto the sun! Ever-conveying, propelling by some strange inner power its fire-rays out into space, that where they

strike inert matter, light and heat and life spring up,—of such is the nature of true love and such its power to create.

Love is the golden thread that joins the heart of man to God. Else were religion a thing of mere form and of no consequence! Religion which is without love is no religion and souls that hide themselves from these rays cease to grow.

Similarly love unites man with man. The same love which one feels toward the Divine, one can divinely feel toward fellow men. And this is the only way in which one can love all creatures. For some men, nay, most of men, are unlovable, and cannot in themselves awake in us the spark of love. It is rather for us to bestow, "nostri voluntatis," upon all we meet, agreeable or disagreeable, somewhat of that warmth of love which God has planted in us. To bear with all people, even when they are unbearable, is the gift and power only of the spiritual love. This is a compassion which a Christ must die to show the world—else the world had known it not.

Folly of the philosophers, to claim that

ideals are self-evolved! Never, in centuries or in millenniums, would humanity of its own inherent nature have evolved the concept of divine, forgiving love. It is human to love all who are lovable and to hate all who are unlovable,—and this is as far as humanity, unaided, could ever have traveled. The love that pardons all, nay, that would even lose itself to save a world in sin, this is not the love of man but the love of God. And the mystery of all religion, the secret of spiritual evolution, is that man may receive and cultivate the divine love. And the glory and the beauty of the law of love is that from the human, selfish love may blossom love divine.

Is it wrong humanly to love all who are lovable? Nay, it is the beginning of the path that leads to God. Not to destroy, not to annihilate the human love, but to transform it into the greater power: that is the way the mystic walks.

Asceticism is false doctrine. It is not the way of life. Not emptiness of life but more abundance is what the Great Ones come to teach us. Not to love less, but to love

more; not to starve the affections but to direct them; not to stultify one's sex but to command its powers so as to transcend the lower needs,—this is the way of wisdom; and every other way leads but to starvation and decay.

See how nature grows and expands, normally, joyously, by means of love! And the same laws which guide the material world correspondingly guide the world of spirit. It is just as glorious and joyous a process to grow spiritually as to grow physically, just as normal, just as happy a partaking of the treasuries of life.

Beware of any teaching which imposes limitation, deprivation, denial of the wealth of life; for it is a teaching that leads to pride and selfishness, strange though this statement may appear. It is the way of magic and delusion,—a will-o'-the-wisp that, beckoning to Power, brings in the end Annihilation.

Of all the mystic doctrines to which the Orient has given birth, none is more beautiful or more true than the doctrine of Sufiism,—that the soul, through earthly

loves, learns how to find the love divine. Born in Persia, a strange by-product of Islam, it has deeply permeated India, reflecting itself even to this day in the song-offerings of Tagore.

Not to condemn sex love, but to expand it and transmute it, till it is naught but pure star-dust and God-heat! God loved the worlds into being. The warmth of sacrifice, the ruddy power of creative love, in man is associated with sex. Starve the sex and you starve love itself. Shut the soul off from sex and you shut it off from life and growth. To remove sex would solve every problem of life—yes! by bringing death! To give sex to man is to bestow a gift so potential, so dangerous, that only a God dare do it; but it is the gift of life itself, and not to bestow it were to refrain from creation.

Not, then, how can we conquer sex, but how can we use it; not to obliterate but to employ greatly; not to despise but to reverence; not to fear but heroically to master the one power in us that makes us

partners in creation,—this is the truth the mystic knows.

All religions teach Divine Love, but none to-day practise it so extensively as Christianity. True, Buddhism in its prime had hospitals and widespread charity; was kind to animals; and under its first king Asoka, refrained, in the name of God, from war—a development of international ethics to which Christianity itself has not yet reached. It is further true that China, partly through the influence of Buddhism, has been one of the most peaceful nations known to history. Yet China itself is guilty to-day of the most fiendish practices of cruelty toward criminals or toward political offenders. To inflict mere death upon the victim is of no satisfaction to Oriental malignity. Tortures worse than the Inquisition have been invented by the subtle Chinese mind to prolong the agony of death. This same barbaric cruelty is practised from the waters of the Pacific to the Golden Horn, throughout the vast extent of Asia, and wherever Orientalism holds sway.

In more passive forms Oriental cruelty shows itself in the stoicism with which one can die or watch others die. Famine and pestilence sweep away their millions—while the survivors go about their daily life with an apathy impossible to Western people.

This indifference to death and to physical suffering is in part due to the philosophy of the Far East as regards existence—that it is a continuous round, the soul being born and reborn till it is purged of evil. Suffering is the result of sin, either in this or in past lives; and only by suffering can the sin be expiated. Since it is useless to interfere in the destiny of others, why concern ourselves with the suffering of those about us who through suffering are mounting the path towards God? Infinite bliss, infinite joy, comes not in this life, but lies at the end of existence itself, in Nirvana, the goal towards which all Being tends.

Orientalism, plunged into the pessimism of a sad old age, conceives this world as essentially one of tears and sadness. Only through knowledge of life's illusion can one escape life and reach Nirvana. Only

through suffering can one acquire knowledge. Therefore die or let die—it matters not.

Into this fog of apathetic pessimism Christianity, essentially the religion of young, exuberant races, blows a fresh breath of hope and love and service. True, this is a world of tears—but it is our duty, in Christ, to make it less so. Not only of Heaven as an infinitely distant goal does the Christian dream—but of a finite tiny replica of Heaven established here below, the Kingdom of God on earth. This is the healthiest, the sanest, and the most virile note that religion has yet struck. Something to work for here and now. Something to inspire service. Some hope of progress toward infinite improvement in the art of living. Some vision of a Golden Age, not past but coming to the world.

And the means of this achievement lie in Love. Brotherly love, connubial love, parental love, neighborly love, social love, inter-racial love, and the love of God,—all combine to form a chord the richness of which, rising in crescendo, outvies the songs

of angels and the music of the spheres. For in human love lies the power of creation, denied even to angels and the rulers of the stars.

Not that other religions have not taught Love: but Christianity practises it as never it was practised before. To the power of the lowly Nazarene how many hospitals and asylums, how many schools and colleges, how many institutions for the happiness and betterment of mankind bear witness!

Let the East copy! Not elsewise can it achieve true civilization. If we have much to learn from the East she has still this to learn from us,—the power of love. Without it all other gifts are vain, are tinkling cymbals, as Paul said. For other spiritual qualities, gained through wise effort of the will, without love lead to pride and the death of the soul. The young Occident, naive and simple-minded, humbly expressing the love taught by Christ in social service, has forged ahead of the East, old in wisdom, where the fallen are left by the roadside and the path of spiritual knowledge has become the path of pride.

Of even further reaches of the Love Divine, the mystic dare not speak except in symbols. That union with the Universal which is the very essence of mysticism, is expressed in terms suggestive of sex love merely because sex love is the highest, deepest, most ecstatic, and most satisfying love known to man. Were man's experience along the spiritual path greater, he would not need to be taught these truths in such a faltering, unclear language. For no words at man's disposal can express how infinitely the love of the Divine transcends the highest love that flesh is heir to.

CHAPTER IX.

NIRVANA

SALVATION is the goal of most religions; but just what is understood by such a term depends upon the theological concepts of the time and place.

In India it is salvation from rebirth that is sought. In this world of sorrow life is not a boon, but a sad necessity to which our ignorance and illusions compel us. Wisdom and enlightenment give release not only from sorrow but from the wheel of life itself, around which turn in continual bondage the souls of those who are not saved. Freedom from existence means entrance to Nirvana; and Nirvana means not extinction, as many Western critics claim, but infinite bliss. In Nirvana the Brahman has a lofty conception, not of mere negation but of spiritual perfection.

For the Occidental, who is not as capable of grasping metaphysical abstractions as is the Hindu, some simpler conception must

suffice. Heaven, then, as a concrete locality of joy and bliss, is the goal toward which he aims; and the loss of Heaven is that from which he seeks salvation. How can he assure himself of an eternal destiny of spiritual joy and progress? This is the aim of the Christian, and all the practices of his religion have been mainly toward this end.

As to by what methods one can be saved, whether by baptism, confession of faith, good acts, total immersion, acceptance of the sacrificial atonement of a Christ,—these things are all a matter of creed and rite, not of metaphysics; and it is not our purpose here to try to reconcile the irreconcilable, or to harmonize the outward and so varying forms of world religions.

But what is its esoteric meaning? Does the word "salvation," so distasteful to educated and eclectic ears, contain a germ of spiritual reality? It would indeed seem that a concept of such influence and inspiration in the spiritual life of millions upon millions throughout centuries of thought, must stand for some reality.

From what, then, are we to be saved, be it not from the domination of Nature into which we are born as incarnated earthly bodies? And to what does salvation initiate us, unless it be to that state of spiritual existence which constitutes a round of evolution altogether distinct and separate from the evolution of the flesh?

The mystic knows that even in the midst of the material world another world exists where all is fair and beautiful; that into this strange, unseen world only those may enter of pure hearts and God-like spirits; that once born into this world, growth goes on as in the world of matter and the spirit progresses according to eternal Laws of Destiny which know no favorites and which condemn none who condemn not themselves.

But how can one discover this undiscoverable abode of bliss? How penetrate the arcana of the spirit? The way is not apparent to the eye of flesh; neither can carnate feet advance upon the path. To enter here, to become an inhabitant of this

super-world, is and has been the goal of mysticism since the human race began.

To the mystic nothing else seems of importance. Dearly as he values life, he esteems it to be of little worth compared to this. Possessions, emoluments, office,—those are playthings which amuse child-man; they are not necessary appurtenances of the soul.

To discover this world of spirit is to achieve the utmost which life can offer. Beside such success all other successes pale to insignificance. He who knew the privilege of living in this Kingdom, Christ has told us, would sell all his possessions for it—and he would search as one searched for life itself, to discover the secret portals.

So highly does Destiny desire for us this success, that to train us for it she would sacrifice upon her altar all our earthly happiness, our material possessions, nay, the lives of friends, kindred, and the most dearly beloved of earthly beings. From those whose time has come for spiritual awakening all earthly treasures flee, every seeming garment vanishes, until the soul is

left naked before its maker as in the day of Creation.

Then Destiny brings out new and glorious raiment, fit for the soul's initiation into bliss. And garbed in purity and light, upheld on either side by angels of lowliness and love, the spirit of man enters into Salvation and dwells forever after in eternity, though it live as yet in earthly body.

Think not that Immortality comes after living, or that death is sufficient to usher one into its abodes. Eternity does not begin where earthly life leaves off, for eternity is infinity itself and neither begins nor ends. It is a state of being; and he who has not perceived its values while still illusioned in earth-senses, will not be born in spirit-land with a capacity to see.

That is why it is so vitally important to achieve salvation here and now. That is why the earnest Christian would sacrifice life itself to save a soul. It is the quintessence of religion, the one good fortune that can befall man. The mystic, only, sees it as such. That is why he longs unspeakably to open people's eyes, to tear the veils asunder,

to awaken men to the glories that lie before them. But human language does not suffice, nor finite thoughts capacitate, to unfold this mystery. Each must tread the path himself. Each must face the weary round of life, until from very weariness one gives up the quest for joy in terms of matter. To him for whom the physical is all-glorious the mystic can say nothing. Christ himself could never heal of this myopia, until men craved for healing.

Since we are all possessors of free will, partners with the Divine in this respect, Destiny must take its course; and each soul must work out in fear and trembling its individual salvation.

Both in Christian and in Brahmin theology the term "twice-born" is used to denote those who not only share in common with others the exoteric rites of their religion; but who, by some inner spiritual processes, are born again, so to speak,—born this time into a spiritual kingdom.

In India there is current the symbol of a bird's evolution from the egg. Once it is born as the egg leaves the mother; yet what

a feeble, cribbed existence is that which the destined soarer-into-heaven's-blue leads within its shell! Not until a further development goes on and the birdling, arriving at the full potentiality of life, breaks through the shell to its real freedom, can it be said to live at all,—to be really that for which nature destined it.

So with man. "Verily, man is not called man, until he hath put on the attributes of God. He is not worthy of the name Man merely because of wealth, adornment, learning or refinement." That is to say, unspiritual man, as yet confined within the prison walls of self, is as unfree and as little conscious of his real being as the unhatched bird is in its thin shell. Only when he bursts through sense-illusion and is born again, this time into light and life, can he be said to be partaker of reality.

Either the mystic's claim is true, or it is not. Either the founders of religion are trying to describe to us an actual state of being —the only, to them, essential state of being; or they are self-deluded, psycopathic dreamers, whose teachings deserve to be

ridiculed. There is no half-way ground. For the whole tenor and portent of a prophet's teaching lies in this very point,—the mystery of soul in matter, and the possibility of the incarnated soul rising superior to matter.

The glory of man lies in his potentiality of becoming; in his hope of attaining to God-consciousness. Otherwise he is but a higher type of animal, subject to nature's laws and a slave to his environment. Men differ from animals not in intelligence—for animals too have that—but in spiritual capacity, in the possibility of rebirth, of entering the Kingdom.

It follows also from these premises, that intelligence can not suffice to lead the soul to heaven. To the intellect there are distinct bounds and limits. It will carry man to the height of refinement, of quickness of physical and mental perception; but it will never of itself convey those spiritual truths and kindle that inner flame which is to light the soul on its way through the darkness of materialism.

Mere intellect without spirituality breeds

pride, and pride is the greatest deceiver of man. He who surrounds himself with an edifice of pride dwells therein safely, for a time, ensconced from the storms of doubt; until some day a terrible cataclysm of the soul rends the walls, and they fall, like the House of Usher, into the dark tarn of ignorance from which they rose. For pride ever builds upon ignorance and hides itself from the highways of the soul.

The greatest scholar may be further off from God than the meanest peasant. Christ has said so, and history has proved it. It matters not to me that in this age of materialistic knowledge thinkers scoff at mysticism; it matters not that behind their barricades of doubt they would prevent the spiritual cohorts from advancing to the City of God. They shall in due time know their weakness; and they shall inevitably succumb. For the soul that opposes the Divine has as little chance of succeeding in rebellion as an infant in its mother's arms.

It is not without reason that the Saviours of the world teach men they must become again as children. In the realms of spirit

there is no place for the rebellious soul, for the proud or haughty, the unbending, the self-conceited, the overbearing. The qualities of a child—its sweetness of submission; its happy faith and dependence on a parent's care; its naive trust in things, based not upon knowledge but upon spiritual perception,—these are also the qualities of the spiritual initiate.

And as the infant owes its birth to love, so spiritual man owes his new birth to the dawn of a new love,—a flame consuming his very being until it leaves naught there but God. "To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind,"—this is the inevitable condition.

But how can man love God, whom he has never seen? How can love, which feeds upon concretion, exist for that which is abstract and distant? How can the finite be attached to Infinity, or the creature reach union with the Creator?

Herein lies the deepest, the most sacred mystery of life. Religion can explain it but dimly. The mind conceives it not, but the heart knows. This is the wings with which

the Brahmin flies, the hymn the Christian sings, the golden light of "Bhakti" which has infused every great religion. Not adherence to ethical abstractions, not acceptance of metaphysical dogmas,—but devotion to a Living Personality; yes, worship of a Love gloriously impersonal, this is the road to Salvation.

"Bhakti," or religion of personal devotion, is repulsive to the intellect of man, offends his pride, casts down his vanity, vitiates his eclecticism, and deprives him apparently of that freedom of will with which Destiny, in giving him reason, has endowed him. But so, and only so, love must come. What room is there for reason in the heart that bursts with love? The lover who loves so coldly as to analyze is lost. Love asks for no reasons; like beauty it is content to be. In its very ecstasy lies a sufficiency of logic. For reason has never impelled man as love has; and knowledge has never looked with so fair a face upon the world as looks the blood-hued rose unfolding by the roadside.

So the truly spiritual man, whose heart sings as sings the heart of a woman who has

put her house in order and awaits her dear lord, walks daily in company with the Friend; and climbs the heights to Union undazzled, unafraid, sublimely unconscious of his greatness in being near to God.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEED OF A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

THOUGH commerce and cultural exchange should bring the ends of the world together, East will not meet West in love and confidence till they are joined by the ties of a common religion. For it is in and by means of these spiritual ties, so deep seated in a race or an individual, that real union takes place. With everything else in common, diversity of religion opposes an insurmountable barrier to mutual confidence.

It would seem that the time were near for a world religion, uniting all races and creeds in a common worship. Though the outward forms of religion differ as widely as the minds and temperaments of men, yet the inner spiritual truths are the same for all ages, for all races, and for all persons. There is but one commandment necessary for the world, "Love the Lord thy God with

all thy soul and with all thy mind; and love thy neighbor as thyself."

It makes no difference by what name the Creator passes, whether He is called Allah, or Buddha, or Jehovah. His essence does not change,—and love for Him is one and the same, whether it be born in Christian heart, or in Mohammedan or Buddhist breast. Does not the world's gold pass as equal currency no matter what the name stamped on it? It is the smallness of men's minds, not the nature of spirituality, that causes religion to be divided into separate and hostile formulas. At the bottom, religion is one and the same thing for Jew and Christian, Brahmin, Moslem and Confucianist. The writings of the mystics reveal this unity. In the tender rhapsodies of a Kabir are to be found the same searchings after God as in the joyous utterances of St. Francis, or the deep spiritual love of the Sufi mystics. Watered on different soils the rose-bush bears a different tinted blossom, but its perfume and its heart are ever one.

As men in different climes and races reach more deeply into life and find that

nearness to God which is the quintessence of religion, they become too universal to be contented with man-made creeds or dogmas. The mystic is an antinomian, because he permits no man to make laws for him, or to regulate his approach to the Divine. These mystics, of whatever race or whatever religion, are brothers and recognize the family relationship. For do not their features conform more and more, daily, to the Divine Image and Ideal?

The nearer man gets to God, the better he can dispense with benefit of clergy. Does he need to be exhorted, whose heart is already aflame with the celestial fire? Or can he be taught of man, who is led by the Spirit? If the mystic conforms to outer religion it is from courtesy and kindness, and as a sign of outward reverence, so to speak, to the Great Being before whom he daily and hourly bows in the sanctified chapel of his own heart.

The only possible universal religion, then, must needs be a religion of the inner life; a religion comprising te essential truths of all the world's spiritual teaching; a religion

of work and efficiency; a religion of prayer and mysticism.

The qualities of spiritual man I have tried to outline in the preceding chapters. One who lived a life embodying these truths would soon cease to care whether he were called Christian or Hebrew or Mohammedan. To him all sacred books would furnish food of the spirit, and his prayers would ascend to God in loving unison with the prayers of all who loved God.

The time will come, and now is, when all who worship God must worship him in spirit and in truth; when the world will be divided, not into hostile groups of nominal Christians and Buddhists and Moslems, but into the two great and unapproachable divisions of those who love God and those who do not.

How blinded are men's eyes, that they look so hostilely at other worshipers of God! Did they but have the Divine Ray within their hearts, they would perceive their brothers in God, out of whatsoever faces that Ray shone.

There must be, and there will be, brother-

hood among all who turn to God. But there can never be a bond of union between those who love God and those who hate Him, for all who are not with Him are against Him.

We need again rough fiery prophets to preach retribution and destruction to man in order to do away with the supercilious eclecticism which characterizes this age—the cultured tolerance and resolute indifference to what concerns man's ultimate happiness. It is no concern to you that your neighbor loves not God? Will you go and sojourn in a land of evil, and try to conform to its usages? You who bear the name of Christ-man and deny Christ daily,—know you not that Earth hates you? and that Destiny, patient to the last, has at last become impatient of you?

A thousand trumpet calls are heard, enlisting the cohorts of Truth against the cohorts of Falsehood, of Evil, and of Carnality. Choose your ranks well and quickly, for the day is not far off when the evil-minded shall no longer dwell at peace and ease in God's world. How will ye be found when the Master of the Vineyard comes?

Look round about you, people of perception, and withdraw your garments from contact with those who deny God. There can be but one Religion on earth, and that religion none may share who know not God.

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